

## A DREAM.

A silver thread from a beautiful head  
Lies framed in a soft golden glow,  
And the tender clasp of its sunny grasp  
Links the Now with the Long Ago.  
And I think as I sit idly dreaming  
Of the brow on which once it lay gleaming,  
A dainty stand, by the summer wind fanned,  
Brings from the track of the years  
The phantom of hours that were dressed in  
Bowers.  
But now lie deep, buried in tears,  
Tis but the touch of Time's hand revealing  
The strength of a half forgotten feeling.  
As I think of the fair, bright head of hair  
That bequeathed this soft tress to me,  
I doubt if the brow would miss even now  
This one from its fair sunny sea.  
Not if it knew how fondly I cherish  
Even the hopes that were born to perish.  
The vision must end. We never can blend  
The pleasure of life with its pain—  
With the death of one in the other begun  
As the sunlight is quenched in the rain.  
So, quenched are the thoughts I vain would  
utter,  
By the trees in the golden glow of the butter.

## FAREWELL.

F. W. Fennell.  
We are friends who have journeyed together;  
Long time, you and I;  
Through sunshine and stormiest weather—  
But the old year must die.  
Yet I pray you to mourn not my going,  
Though we may have been friends;  
What I am but one fellow, whose flowing  
Has touched shore and ends.  
And the tale of my joy and my sorrow  
Lives but as the trace  
Of the waves that the tides of the morrow  
In turn shall efface.  
Yet I leave you, as waves leave their treasures  
Of coral and shell,  
A gift, passing sorrow and pleasure,  
Our friendship to tell.  
I leave you the friendships whose growing  
Has been from my birth;  
There is naught that the tide brings in flowing  
Can equal their worth.  
For as shells from the murmur of ocean  
Steel echoes that last,  
So in friendship is stored the emotion  
Of years that are past.

## A Memorable Sea Fight.

The following account of the capture of the British frigate Guerriere, by the Constitution, which appeared many years ago in the *New York Evening Post*, will be read with interest at this juncture. It was written by an eyewitness who was a prisoner on board the Guerriere during the combat:  
Having been an American prisoner on board the Guerriere during the famous battle between that frigate and the United States frigate Constitution, I propose giving you an account of that important action, which took place in June, 1812.

About two weeks previous to the engagement, I left Boston in an American ship, which was captured by the Guerriere some five days before she fell in with the Constitution.

It was about 10 o'clock in the morning when the Constitution was discovered. The Guerriere hove to, to enable her to come up. As the Constitution neared us, Captain Dacres handed me his glass, and asked what I took her to be? My reply was, "She looks like a frigate." Very soon she came within reach of the long guns of the Guerriere, which were fired, but with no effect, as the sea ran high. The Constitution made no reply; but, as I saw, was maneuvering for a position—during which Captain Dacres said to me: "Do you think she is going to strike without firing?" I replied, "I think not, sir."

At this moment, seeing a severe contest was about commencing, in which I could take no part, being only a prisoner, I raised my hat to Captain Dacres, and said to him, "With your permission, sir, I will go below, as I can take no part."

"Oh, certainly," said he, "and you had better go into the cockpit, and should any of our men chance to get wounded, I shall feel obliged if you will assist the surgeon in dressing them." "Certainly, sir," said I, and then descended into the cockpit. There were the surgeon, and surgeons' mates and attendants, sitting round a long table, covered with instruments, and all necessary for dressing the wounded, as still as a funeral. Within one moment after my foot left the lower round of the ladder, the Constitution gave that double broadside, which threw all in the cockpit, over in a heap on the opposite side of the ship.

For a moment it appeared as if heaven and earth had struck together; a more terrific shock cannot be imagined. Before those in the cockpit had adjusted themselves, the blood ran down from the deck as freely as if a wash-tub full had been turned over, and instantly the dead, wounded and dying were handed down as rapidly as men could pass them, till the cockpit was filled, with hardly room for the surgeons to work. Midshipmen were handed down with one, some with one arm, and others wounded in almost every shape and condition. An officer who was on the table having his arm amputated, would sing out to a comrade coming down wounded—"Well, shipmate, how goes the battle?" another would utter some joke, that would make even the dying smile; and so constant and freely were the playful remarks from the maimed and even dying, that I almost doubted my own senses. Indeed all this was crowded into a space of not over fifteen or twenty minutes, before the firing ceased. I then went upon deck, and what a scene was presented, and how changed in so short a time.

The Constitution looked perfectly fresh—even at this time those on board the Guerriere did not know what

ship had fought them. On the other hand the Guerriere was a mere rolling log—almost entirely at the mercy of the sea. Her colors all shot away, her mainmast and mizen-mast both gone by the board, and her foremast standing by the mere honey-comb the shot had made. Captain Dacres stood, with all his officers, surveying the scene—all, all in the most perfect astonishment. At this moment a boat was putting off from the hostile ship for the Guerriere. As soon as within speaking distance, a young gentleman (midshipman Reed, now Commodore,) hailed and said: "I wish to see the officer in command of the ship." At this Captain Dacres stepped forward and answered. Midshipman Reed then said: "Commodore Hull's compliments, and wishes to know if you have struck your flag?" At this Captain Dacres appeared amazed, but recovering himself, and looking up and down, he deliberately replied, "Well, I don't know—our mizen mast is gone, our main mast is gone—and upon the whole, you may say we have struck our flag!"

"Commodore Hull's compliments, and wishes to know if you need the assistance of a surgeon or surgeon's mate." Captain Dacres replied: "Well, I suppose you had on board your own ship business enough for all your medical officers." Midshipman Reed replied, "O, no, we have only seven wounded, and they were dressed half an hour ago."

Captain Dacres then turned to me, deeply affected, and said: "How have our situations been most suddenly reversed? You are now free and I am a prisoner."

All the boats of both ships were put in requisition to remove the wounded on board the Constitution—so dreadful was the condition of many of them that two days were nearly consumed in the removal, after which the Guerriere was burned, with all her stores, armaments, etc., etc. The Constitution, having recently come out of port, had no room to take scarcely an article.

Who can imagine the joy I experienced in finding myself again under American colors—or the pride I felt at finding, from Commodore Hull down to the most humble man on board, an entire absence of everything like a boastful or even a triumphant look, at their wonderful victory. Captain Dacres kept his state-room till we arrived in port. About two hundred of his men were necessarily ironed, as the ship was so crowded. Charles Morris (now Commodore) the first officer of the Constitution, had a ball through his body, and for several days his recovery was doubtful—during which time he sent for me to come to his room—and I well remember his unconcern for himself, although the surgeon had apprised him of his danger. Every courtesy and kindness was by Captain Hull and his officers extended to their prisoners.

On Sunday, about noon, the Constitution arrived in Boston harbor. I was sent on shore in the boat. The harbor between the ship and wharves was now covered with boats to learn the news. The first boat we neared we hailed, "the Constitution has captured the Guerriere." Instantly the two men in the boat took off their hats and violently struck them on the side of the boat, and rising gave cheer after cheer. They hailed other boats, and thus the air was rent with cheers, and the victory passed along until it reached the wharf, and then spread like wild-fire all over the city and country.

It is now nearly forty years since the transaction of that day proved to the Americans that British frigates were not invincible. Who can remember that day without feeling a glow of pride that so early in the war, and in a manner so unexpected, a victory so perfect should have been achieved. I write this statement without notes, but believe it to be, in the main, accurate.

In justice to Captain Dacres, I add that there was none of the boasting on his part before the action which has been to him attributed, as he did not know the ship till Midshipman Reed announced her name and commander.

## An Awful Night on the Alps.

Advantage was taken of the bright November days to make an expedition from Grindelwald, which has ended very disastrously.

Most mountaineers are familiar with the Bergli hut, one of the best of those little resting places erected to give temporary shelter to persons going to or returning from a climb. The huts are situated at the very gate of the formidable part of an ascent, and the plan adopted is to set out from the regions of civilization in the evening, to arrive at the hut before darkness falls, to snatch a certain amount of sleep, and to start at daybreak. It is necessary to keep these huts in repair, in order that there may be no accidents in the regular season; but, unfortunately, the repair of the Bergli hut during the last few days has not been unattended with a disaster of a fatal and somewhat novel kind.

Tempted by the fine weather, Herr Anderföhren, an engineer from Interlaken, set out from the village of Grindelwald with two good guides, Egger and Kaufmann, and a porter named Schlegel. All went well for the first part of the ascent, and the party were congratulating themselves, when suddenly in the afternoon a snow storm swept down, and rapid progress was impeded. Schlegel, the porter, who was not a very experienced climber, fell ill when the expedition was within half an hour of the hut, and there was nothing for it but to leave the poor fellow behind. His companions arranged to go forward and clear a path, and,

having opened the hut door, they promised to return and help the porter slowly to shelter. They all but Schlegel got over an awkward crevice, and when the hut was in sight Egger volunteered to return in order to give a helping hand to the man who was still faint and heavily burdened. Egger got back to the crevasse and shouted for the sick man, but as he had not arrived so far, the guide thought it safer to return again to the hut and fetch Kaufmann, whose experience would be invaluable in a dilemma. After all this unfortunate delay night had closed in, and the two guides naturally knew that it was impossible to find the sick, and perhaps dying man, without some sort of lantern. There was no such thing in the Bergli hut, but happily there was found an old wine bottle. Necessity is the mother of invention, and so Egger knocked the bottom off the bottle, and sticking a candle into the neck, improvised a fair light, secure from the wind and sufficient to discover the track. Kaufmann helped Egger safely across the crevasse, and then for some accountable reason left his friend to find the sick porter, and returned alone to the engineer, who was safe and sound in the hut. Kaufmann had scarcely gone beyond reach of voice when the improvised lantern failed, and Egger discovered to his dismay that the candle was out and he had no matches. This was a sufficiently serious predicament, but his shout to Schlegel was answered, and the brave fellow groped his way on his hands and knees through the snow to where the porter was still prostrate. At last they met, and, sitting side by side, endeavored to obtain a light from some matches the porter luckily had with him.

Scarcely had Schlegel succeeded in lighting a match when the worst accident of all occurred. Egger alarmed his friend with the statement that in the dark he had severed an artery in his arm with the jagged end of the bottle lantern. Both were ignorant of the elementary principles of practical surgery, and as the guide was bleeding to death, the sick porter plucked up courage, and hurried off alone to the crevasse, hoping to attract the attention of those in the hut. He had scarcely got far when Edgar called him back. The guide felt that he was dying, and implored not to be left alone. Besides, the porter could not have got over the crevasse without assistance. The engineer and his guide in the hut were powerless to help as they had no light whatever with them, and to have proceeded among the rocks and precipices would have been to court instant death. So the bleeding guide and his sick companion were left exposed in the cold and darkness, while those in the hut were kept prisoners for lack of light. With the first gleam of dawn Kaufmann and the Swiss engineer, carefully roped together, went back in search of the missing men, and both were still alive when they were found. Egger was rapidly bleeding to death from the serious wound in the arm, and no one of the party knew how to improvise a tourniquet with a handkerchief and an ice ax. Those who had been exposed to the cold for so many hours were perishing, so the others stripped off their flannel shirts and gave them to their companions. After a hurried consultation it was decided that the four could not get down to Grindelwald without help, so a descent was made to fetch assistance and a surgeon, the dying and sick men being still left where they had been found. When a rescue party at last arrived from the valley Egger was dead, and although the porter, Schlegel, was still alive when he was taken to the village, it is not expected that he can recover from such dreadful exposure. It is reported that the insurance on the dead guide's life cannot be paid, as the policies only cover the risks of the ordinary climbing season, and consequently expired in October, so that the brave fellow who volunteered on an expedition to repair a hut essential for the comfort of summer mountaineers must leave his widow and children unprotected for because he happens to climb in the winter, not from pleasure, but from necessity.

**Snow Streamers.**  
A late paper from Nevada gives the following account of winter scenery in that quarter of this country. Recently snow streamers were abroad in all their glory. Last evening, however, they could hardly be called streamers. They were in reality an unending series of whirlwinds that chased each other along the crest of the mountain. The spiral columns of snow took a thousand shapes in forming and vanishing. Being strongly lighted by the setting sun, the great swirling columns looked like whirls of flame and illuminated smoke rolling up from a great fire. This brilliancy was seen in places where the rays of the sun passed through the thin mist of a single snow whirl. In places where three or four columns happened for a moment to fall in line between the spectator and the sun, the whole was black as the smoke from the funnel of a steamboat. Frequently several of the colors of the rainbow would flash out around these dark columns, and a moment after all above the peak would be deep red, giving the top of the appearance of an active volcano. It would have been a fine opportunity for a scientist interested in the study of atmospheric currents. The motion of these snow whirls show us what is always taking place in the air at the top of the mountain, both winter and summer, and if on our mountain, doubtless on all mountains of like height. The straight current of the atmosphere is

broken up into thousands of little whirlwinds that rise from 50 to 200 feet above the surface of the ground.

## New Milton Came to Write "Paradise Regained."

Harper's Monthly.  
It was at the time of the great plague that the poet of "Paradise Lost" took up his abode at Chalfont, and it was through the instrumentality of a common friend of his and William Penn's that this retreat was selected. Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker, had made Milton's acquaintance in London some years before, when hunted out of house and home by the Bucks justices, and read Latin to him in his lodgings in Jewin street. When the plague grew fierce in the city the blind poet bethought him of his one-time secretary, and asked him to find him some retreat in his neighborhood. Ellwood took this "pretty box" for him; and it was here that he suggested to him the idea of "Paradise Regained." Milton had handed the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" to pass his judgment on. "I pleasantly said to him," Ellwood relates in his life, "Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise found? He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, he returned thither; and when afterward I went to wait on him there, he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'

## Cornwallis's Buckles.

St. Nicholas for February.  
I am not quite sure of dates, but I was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to spy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn-yard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favorite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party was the one thought of the child as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general cannot be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and, if important, it will be reported to him."

"It is of great importance, and I can not stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony and tell me where to find the general."

"But, my little girl, I cannot let you pass until you tell me whence you came and what your business is within these lines."

"I came from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say!"

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer, General Washington was in the neighborhood, with his ragged regiments patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this determined the soldier to send the child forward to headquarters. So, summoned an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, "when a little girl from the country with a message for the general," was announced. "Let her come in at once," said the general; and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Redwolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her, Cornwallis in full dinner costume, and surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented only the power that could save her favorite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman, kindly. "What have you to say to me?" "I want my cow!"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.

A few words of encouragement, pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the general drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home, now."

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But General Cornwallis," cried she impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

"So—your brothers also are away from home. Now tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Randolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But General, my cow!"

"Ah! hal one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the general severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden, "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too."

Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow! And those sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.

**"Blode Up."**  
A young fellow having an odor of the stable about him, entered the Detroit photographer's establishment and explained that he would like to have about one photograph taken, but on learning the price concluded to invest in a tin-type. After taking his seat in the chair, he shut one eye, drew his mouth around to one side, stuck up his nose, and patiently waited for the operator, whose astonishment caused him to exclaim:

"Good gracious! but you don't want to look that way to get a picture. Nobody will know you from Sitting Bull."

"You go ahead," was the reply.

"Do you want me to take such a phiz as that?"

"I do."

The artist took it. It beats Sol Smith Russell all to pieces, and was highly satisfactory to the sinner, who paid for it and said:

"You see, I had a sort of object in this. Come here from Allegheny county six months ago engaged to a gal out there—found a gal here I like better—got to sever old ties—see?"

"But what has the picture got to do with old ties?" asked the artist.

"Lots—beats! I've writ to her that I was blode up here and disgraced for life. She's awfully proud—when she gets this and sees how the explosion wrecked me, she'll hunt another lover quicker'n a wink—see? How do you like the phiz? Just gaze on that picture and tell me that Mary Ann won't send back my letters by the first train!"

He posted the picture to the letter which he explained it all.

It said: "my ever dear girl—I enclose my picture that you may see how awful bad I was hurt, tho' I know you will love me just the same."

"Ever see that game worked afore?" he asked of the artist as he licked the stamp on the letter.

"No—never did."

"Course you never did. It's mine. It struck me the other day while I was greasin' the wagon, and I think it's boss. Blode up—see? picture here to prove it and she'll write back that she has at last concluded to yield to her parents, wishes and marry a young man out there who own's eleven steers, a hundred sheep and an eighty-acre lot."

**The Benefit of Laughter.**  
Nothing on earth can smile but the face of man. Gems may flash reflectively, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye flash and mirth flash? Flowers cannot smile; this is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile, nor can any living thing. It is the prerogative of man. It is the color which love wears and cheerfulness and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband, and friend that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries upon the stalk. Laughter is day and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and is more bewitching than either.

**COFFEE CAKE.**—This is one of the best of plain cakes, and is very easily made. Take one cup of strong coffee infusion, one cup molasses, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one egg and teaspoonful salaratus. Add spice and raisins to suit the taste, and enough flour to make a reasonably thick batter. Bake rather slowly in tin pans lined with battered paper.

**Appetite extraordinary.** He had eaten nothing for twelve hours. He hastened home, ran into the house, and bolted the door!

## GRAINS OF GOLD.

Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality.

Fortune detests cowardice; and the man who will not be conquered by trifles is her prime favorite.

There is no rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in the course of a thousand years.

The philosopher should be a man willing to hear every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself.

Poverty is often called the mother of rest and perhaps when truly compared with riches it is found so.

In all things there are two ways. When one does not know which to take, it may be best to attempt neither.

When animals please or benefit us, we ought the more to accede to them, being possessed of reason.

A patient and humble temper gathers blessings that are marred by the peevish and overlooked by the aspiring.

The incapacity of men to understand each other is one of the principal causes of their ill-temper towards each other.

How long we may live is an important consideration; how we live, be our life, long or short, is a more important one.

It is not the great burden or sorrows of life that kill; it is the constant fear and worrying at nothing that wears us out.

No man was born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a teacher.

There should always be some foundation of fact for the most fairy fabric, and pure invention is but the talent of a deceiver.

Reflect upon your pleasant blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Occasion may be the bugle call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of the bugle can never make soldiers or win victories.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars; the charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

It is as much the duty of all good men to protect and defend the reputation of worthy public servants as to detect public rascals.

Throughout the whole web of national existence we trace the golden thread of human progress toward the higher and better estate.

A happy life is like neither a roaring torrent nor a stagnant pool, but a placid and crystal stream that flows gently and smoothly along.

If you throw a pound of bread to the poor the Lord will throw a pound of butter into your lap to make what you have left more palatable.

Devotion to friends is meted less by the esteem we have for them than by the fuses they make over us. Whence comes it that we are so often deceived.

The path of duty lies in what is near, men seek for it in what is remote; the work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.

A man has no more right to say an unkind thing than to not unkindly; no more right to say a rule thing to another than to knock him down.

Earnestness is the path to immortality, thoughtlessness the path to death. Those who are in earnest do as if dead; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

The best men are not those who have waited for chances, but those who have taken them—be sieged the chance, conquered the chance, and made the chance their servant.

**Labor.**  
The Rev. Dr. Chapin in New Year's sermon five years ago, said:

"Labor, with its coarse raiment and its bare right arm, has gone forth in the earth, achieving the truest conquests and rearing the most durable monuments. It has opened the domain of matter and the empire of mind. The wild beast has fled before it, and the wilderness has fallen back. The rock at its touch has grown plastic, and the stream obsequious. It has tilled the soil and planted cities. Discovery accompanies it with compass and telescope. Invention proclaims it with its press, and heralds it through the earth with the flaming chariot. It is enriched with the wealth of nations. It is crowned with the trophies of intellect. Its music rises in the shout of the martyr, the song of the husbandman, the hum of multitudes, the ring in the teeth of hammers and the roar of wheels. Its triumphal march is the progress of civilization. There are lands of luxurious climate and spontaneous production; yet who looks there for freedom and virtue—for the bravest hearts and noblest souls? The element of liberty, and the glories of intelligence, the sanctities of home, and the institutions of religion abide in steeper soil and beneath colder skies—where the fisherman feels his way through the mist that wraps the iron sea-coast, and the reaper snatches his harvest from the skirts of winter. And who would not prefer the granite fields that grudge their latent bounty, since they induce not only the exertions but the blessings of toil?"

A miller fell asleep in his mill and bent forward till his hair got caught in some machinery and was yanked out; and, of course it awakened him, and his first bewildered exclamation was:

"Durn it, wife, what's the matter now?"

The United States Congress met at Washington for the first time in 1800, on November 17.

**CHICKEN PIE.**—Take four good-sized fat chickens, cut up all the joints, wash them thoroughly, and put in a two-gallon kettle, with just enough water to cover them; boil slowly and skim closely. When tender, throw in a teaspoonful of salt and a piece of butter as big as a coffee cup. Take out the chickens and stir up four spoonfuls of flour in a teacup of cold water, and drop into the liquid that the chickens were boiled in. Stir it well and let it boil about five minutes, then remove from the fire. Take two quarts of sifted flour and a lump of lard as big as a coffee cup. Rub the lard thoroughly with the flour, then take two coffee-cups of sour cream, add a half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two spoonfuls of water; stir up quickly and knead lightly. Butter a six-quart tin pan, and roll out the crust half an inch thick and cover the dish inside. Now place the chicken in the dish, packing it closely, pour in enough of the soup to fill the pan within a half-inch of the top of the rim. Roll out another crust and spread over the top, pinching it down tightly round the rim of the pan. Now cut out from the remnant of the dough a scalloped edge and bind around; cut the ventilator in the center of the pie and spread a paper over the top so it will not scorch, and bake two hours.

"If the ass is invited to the wedding is only that he may carry the wood."

You feel weak and languid, no energy, no ambition to do anything. Dr. Halliday's Blood Purifier is the remedy for you. For sale by all Western druggists.

Uncle Sam's Nerve and Bone Linctament is most efficient in Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Scalds and many other ills incident to man and beast. Sold by all Druggists.

Save your horses by using it with Uncle Sam's Nerve and Bone Linctament. It is the best oil ever made for leather. Sold by all Harness Makers.

Dr. Jaeger's German Worm Cakes are an effective and safe remedy for worms. They are intended to take and not only destroy the worms but remove all traces of them from the system leaving the child healthy and strong. They are warranted to give perfect satisfaction. For sale by all Druggists.

Uncle Sam's Condition Powder prevents disease, purifies the blood, improves the appetite, gives a smooth glossy coat, and keeps the animal in good condition. All Druggists sell it.

For Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint and all bilious derangements of the blood, there is no remedy so sure and safe as Elder's Day Light Liver Pills. They stand unrivaled in removing bile, toning the stomach and in giving healthy action to the liver. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Winchell's Teething Syrup has been called for by immediate relief when used in cases of Summer Complaint, Cholera-morbus or pains in the stomach. Mothers who give their little darlings are suffering from these or kindred troubles, have saved many a child from suffering. Be sure to buy Dr. Winchell's Teething Syrup. Sold by all Druggists, only 25 cts. per bottle.

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